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EUSTACE.

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Dickinson & Ge. lntch.

In those Woods, and Groves, on Wald and Plain,
He dreamt of life and Love,—and dreamt in vain!

Page 10

E U S T A C E;

An Elegy.

QUIS DESIDERIO SIT PUDOR AUT MODUS
TAM CARI CAPITIS?

Hor.

SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:
SAUNDERS AND OTLEY, CONDUIT STREET.

1851.

LONDON :
W. DAVY AND SON, PRINTERS, 8, GILBERT STREET,
OXFORD STREET.

DEDICATED
TO MY BELOVED SISTER
ELIZABETH RUSSELL,
IN GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE OF
HER WARM AFFECTION FOR
MY LAMENTED SON,
AND OF THE CONSOLATION I DERIVED
FROM HER GENTLE SYMPATHY
IN THE HOUR OF GRIEF.

C. d'E.

THIS ELEGY is an expanded translation of the following lines inscribed on a deep-sounding Clock-Bell, cast in 1842, immediately after the death, at Barbadoes,—of CAPTAIN EUSTACE d'EYN COURT, aged 25, who fell a victim to Yellow Fever within a few days after he had arrived from England to join his Regiment.

The Clock and Bell are placed in one of the Towers of Bayons Manor, Lincolnshire, the residence of his family.—

ME POSUIT
CAROLUS DE EYN COURT,
FILIUM, FLORE ÆTATIS ABREPTUM,
EUSTACHIUM DILECTISSIMUM
DEFLENS.
REVOCET VOX MEA DULCES AMORIS HORAS :—
MONEAT QUOQUE—QUAM FUGACES !
QUANTULA SIT VITA !

As in the Original, the BELL is supposed to speak, throughout the Poem.

EPITAPH

ON A MONUMENT ERECTED IN THE CHANCEL OF THE PARISH
CHURCH OF TEALBY, IN THE COUNTY OF LINCOLN.

To the Memory of
EUSTACE ALEXANDER TENNYSON D'EYN COURT,
CAPTAIN IN THE 46TH REGIMENT,
WHO DIED AT BARBADOES,
ON THE 9TH MARCH
1842,
AGED 25 YEARS.

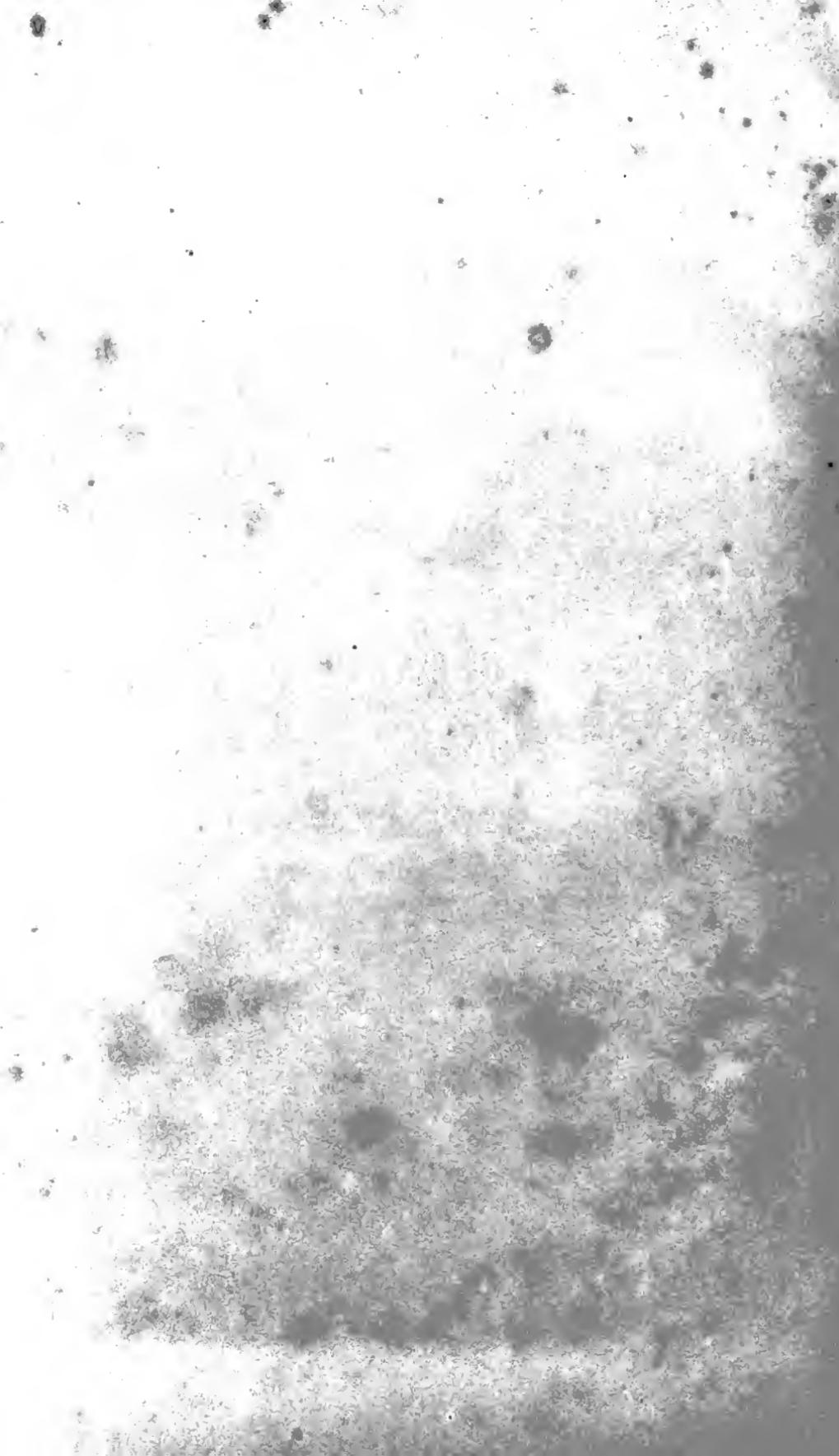
HE WAS
THE FOURTH AND YOUNGEST SURVIVING SON OF
THE RIGHT HONORABLE
CHARLES TENNYSON D'EYN COURT,
AND FRANCES MARY HIS WIFE.

HIS GENEROUS SPIRIT, VIGOROUS INTELLECT
AND NOBLE QUALITIES,
PROMISED TO ADORN THE HIGH CAREER
TO WHICH THE ENERGY AND FIRMNESS
OF HIS CHARACTER
SEEMED TO DESTINE HIM ;
WHILE HIS MANLY BEARING,
GENTLE NATURE AND WINNING GRACE,
ENDEARED HIM TO HIS COMRADES
AND TO ALL WITH WHOM HE LIVED.
TENDERLY BELOVED
BY HIS PARENTS AND FAMILY,
THIS MONUMENT RECORDS THEIR GRIEF,
AND ILLUSTRATES THE INSTABILITY
OF EARTHLY BLESSINGS.

HIS REMAINS ARE DEPOSITED IN THE CEMETERY
OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, BARBADOES.

EUSTACE.

CANTO FIRST.







Dickinson & C^o Lith.

EUSTACE.

CANTO I.

*"Filius, flore ætatis abreptum,
EUSTACHIUM dilectissimum
deflens."*

How calm is Life, while yet in soft repose,—
Forgetful of its Fate, untaught by woes,
Nor wakened by the Voice of Time,—it sweetly flows !

When pain and sorrow come, they stir the mind
To think of Destiny :—but Man is blind,
During the Sunshine of his brief career,
Save to the flowers which at his feet appear.
Swiftly, the blast each fragrant bloom bereaves ;
Where smiled the blossoms,—lie the withered leaves !

Wherefore, a Father who hath deeply mourned
A Gallant Son, with every Grace adorned,
Swept from the Earth in Manhood's flow'ry prime,—
Now warns his race to heed the march of Time :
To mark—that every step curtails the span,
By Nature's Law assigned to Mortal Man ;
That when my Voice proclaims in Solemn tone
The passing Hour,—*an Hour of Life is gone !*

Alas ! each stroke of Time but sounds the Knell
Of Scenes for ever past !—and who can tell
What awful change the Hour now creeping on
May bring ! In it,—the ills you may have done
Repair !—In some such petty space, before
My Tongue shall hence declare another Hour,
Time with his measured step—unfailing—true,—
Inexorable Time—will claim his due :
And when that Hour—to all who live around,
Shall be pronounced complete,—the pealing sound
Whose sweet vibrations, for revolving years,
Had roused your energies or soothed your cares,

Will fail to reach you on that distant shore,
Where,—as a Thing of Time,—you live no more !

But yet the Things of Time—though born to die,—
He seeks to perfect, ere he would destroy ;
If Man's whole Race—and Worlds shall pass away,—
Each has a purpose ere it must obey
The General Law which dooms it to decay.
Time o'er them claims a transitory reign :—
Rejoices in his Subjects when they gain
A full maturity for Nature's End,—
And mourns when Fate shall interfere to rend
A Tissue woven by his mystic power,
Even to form the cradle for a Flower,
Whose fragrant bosom might a Charm distil,
Its brief—but heavenly Mission to fulfil,
By gladdening unseen myriads in the air,
Ere Sunset close their whole existence here !

How must he grieve when nobler works shall fail !
And now—he bids me, in his name, bewail

The wreck of One he fashioned to adorn
His fleeting Realm!—Full oft, in Spring,—the Morn
With gentle breath and sunny smile conveys
A hope, its lurking storm ere Noon betrays.

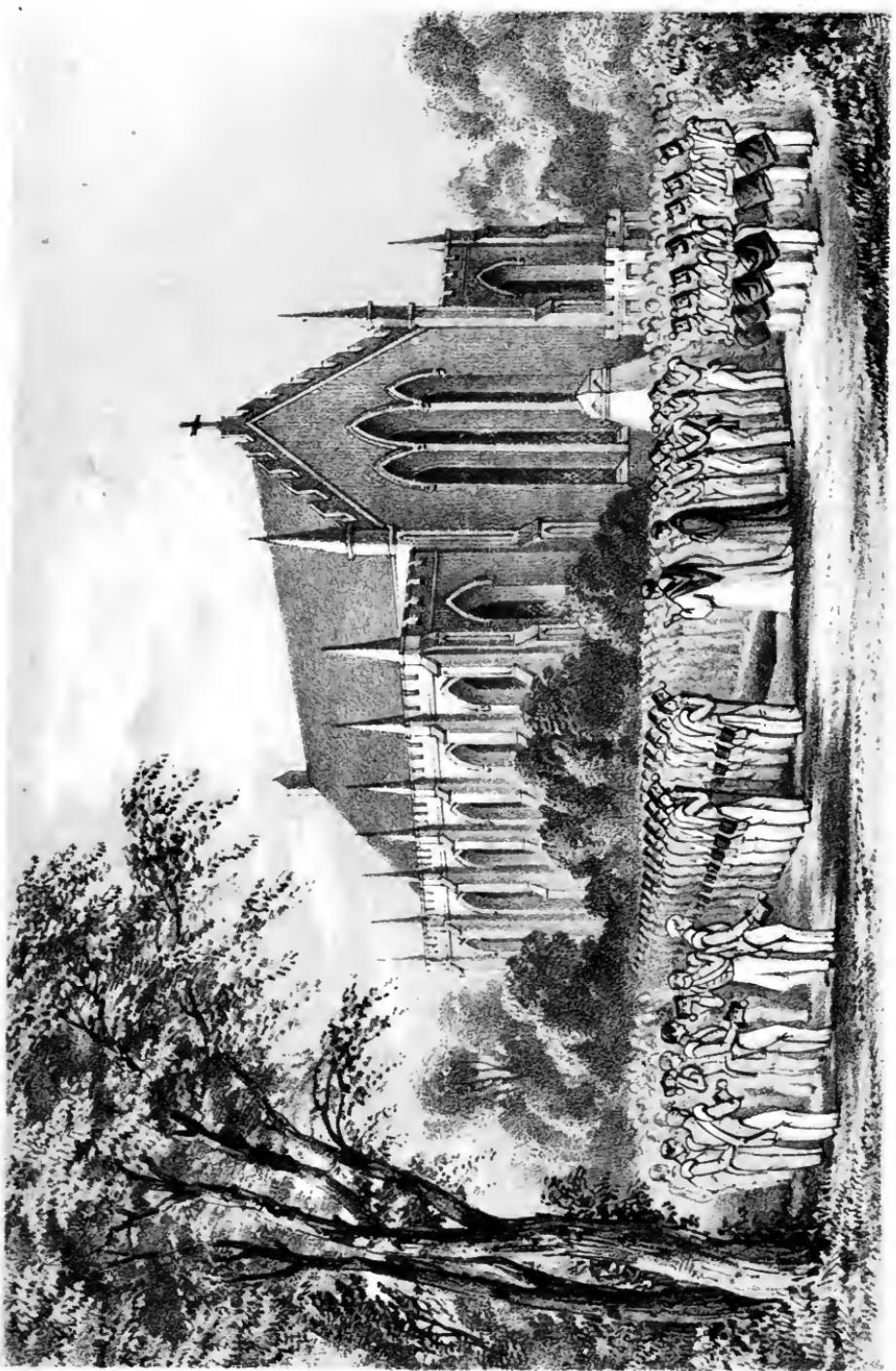
I call the echoes from the silent Hills :
My searching note each peaceful Valley fills :
Those Hills where Eustace, yet a Child, would play ;—
The Vallies, where, a Youth, he loved to stray.
O'er the broad Woods the cadence rolls along :—
The Wild Birds hear it and suspend their Song ;
For in those Woods and Groves on Wold and Plain,
He dreamt of Life and Love,—and dreamt in vain !
There would he muse on Glory—and on Fame :
There,—as a Soldier, fancy that his name
Might grace his Country's annals,—and impart
Some proud emotion to a Parent's heart.
Commingled with such dreamings,—Whispers oft,
Of Joy,—would reach his Soul ;—and Visions soft—
Pure as his Nature, or an Angel's breath :
A Shadow veiled them !—'twas Thy Shadow, Death !
The Fame and Glory were, alas ! denied :—
How to deserve them, he had learnt,—and died !

But those the Whispers and the Visions rare
Which to the Few their destiny declare:
The dim presentiments of second birth
To joys ineffable,—beyond the Earth!
Thus may a glimpse of future bliss be given
To some,—the Pure and Good—th' Elect of Heaven!

Eustace! for Thee,—such bliss may be in store:—
And those who now thy Earthly fate deplore,
May, if they live to toil through age and care,—
Dream of thee—then—as of a Vision fair—
Which glided from this darkening scene away,
Ere Sin or Sorrow dulled the bright array,
Wherein thy graceful form embalmed remains
In Memory's Shrine :—for even Time retains
No Power to blight it there!

If so they dream,—
Then may they cease to weep for thee,—and deem
Most happy, those, who live to taste the joy
Of youthful hope—and ere it withers—die!

In a far Isle was drawn thy latest breath :
No anxious Brother watched thy bed of Death ;
Though Comrades all thy feverish wants supplied,
The Loved and Loving stood not by thy side.
Thy failing hand, no gentle Sister pressed,
Thy head reposed not on a Mother's breast ;
Thy dying accents found no Father's ear,
No weeping Household gathered round thy bier.
Yet,—when the death-drum rolled a deep farewell,—
And the swift volley boomed the Soldier's knell,—
Though not one Kindred tear bedewed thy Grave,
Thy Spirit claimed a kindred with the Brave !
Heaved many a breast which war in vain had steeled ;
Around thee drooped the Stoics of the Field,—
And Veterans taught all forms of Death to see
With eyes unmoistened,—wept aloud for thee !
For while, in Duty—to thyself severe,
Thy gracious nature could Command endear ;
And, when thy voice was silenced in the dust,
Their Love recalled the Merciful and Just.
Love for the Just—the wildest bosoms learn :—
Mercy will find its Mourners in the Stern.





Nor lonely lyest thou in that distant Grave,
For Heaven, in Death, a dear Companion gave ;
One who had shared thy pleasures and thy pains,
True to thee Living—True in Death remains.
On that same fatal night—thy Mordaunt dies :
So linked your fates—that he beside thee lies ;—
In Peace, together sleep—in Joy, together rise ! ⁽¹⁾

END OF CANTO I.

(1) Henry Mordaunt, a Lieutenant in the 46th Regiment, was the third and youngest son of the late Rev. Charles Mordaunt of Gatcombe Court, Rector of Badgworth, Somerset, and cousin of the late Sir Charles Mordaunt, Bart. These young men were attached by the strongest ties of mutual friendship, and Henry Mordaunt, it is feared, lost his life by accepting, on his arrival with the 46th from Gibraltar, the offer of Eustace d'Eyncourt, who had already landed from England, to share his quarters. When, six days afterwards, (4th March, 1842,) Eustace was seized by the Yellow Fever, Henry carefully nursed and sat up all night with him. On the second day he was himself attacked. While lying in adjoining rooms, they reciprocated the most affectionate enquiries. Eustace expired on the 9th. Henry, when informed of his friend's departure, uttered an exclamation of deep feeling,—never spoke afterwards, and died the same evening. Colonel Garrett of the 46th thus speaks of them, in May 1842, in a letter to Henry Mordaunt's brother:—"They were two as noble, manly, kind-hearted and generous beings as ever breathed; and it will be very—very

long before the Regiment will recover from the gloom cast over it by the loss of such friends and companions as these departed young men." Major Maxwell of the 46th, in a letter to another relation of Henry Mordaunt, says:—"The friends were buried next day side by side in the same grave, deeply and sincerely regretted by every person in the Regiment, officers and men, leaving a blank behind them which will never be filled up." The officers of the 46th erected a handsome tomb over their grave, with an inscription to their memory. Henry Mordaunt was 23 years of age, and his noble spirit is sufficiently evidenced by the fact, that while at Gibraltar he saved the lives of two men, at the imminent peril of his own, by swimming from Europa Point, when no other person would venture in a boat or otherwise, on account of the extreme roughness of the sea. It is needless to add that he was deeply loved and lamented by his widowed mother and family.

EUSTACE.

CANTO SECOND.



CANTO II.

"Revocet Vox mea dulces amoris horas."

AH ! what is Life !—scarce forty days before,
 His presence graced the scene in Bayons Tower.
 Four hundred joyful guests a banquet shared,
 In all the form of olden times prepared.
 Gaily the lights through Arch and Oriel streamed ;
 Their blazonry in richest colours gleamed.
 Amid the trophies which with festive grace
 Adorned the Tables and o'erhung the Dais,
 An Emblem chiefly challenging the sight—
 Was that famed Triple Plume of purest white,
 Edward of Woodstock's,—won on Crécy's plain
 From John, Bohemia's King,—in battle slain. (¹)

(¹) The long existing doubt and controversy with regard to the origin of the Plume borne by Edward the Black Prince, and subsequently by

The Crown and Crest, with Motto quaint entwined,
For this festivity a cause assigned :—
The Heir of England, on that day, received (2)
The Holy Sign, in Christendom believed
A Rite, all inborn Evil to destroy,
Imparting Grace to win Eternal Joy.

“ ALBERT,—to Thee,—may such the symbol prove !
“ Long may thy Royal Line retain the Love
“ Which Christian Princes only can acquire,
“ Which Christian Virtues can alone inspire !”

Male Heirs to the Throne, appears to be set at rest by a paper recently (May 1847) contributed by Sir Harris Nicolas to the Society of Antiquaries (See *Archæologia*, vol. xxxii, p. 332), wherein he refers to the contemporary authority of John de Ardern, a celebrated physician in the Court of Edward III, who in a work, two copies of which are to be found in the Sloane Collection (No. 56, fo. 76, and 335, fo. 67), distinctly confirms the popular opinion, that having been borne as the Crest of the King of Bohemia when slain at Crécy, it was thenceforth adopted by Prince Edward, the hero of that battle, designated by Ardern when he records his death in 1376, as “ *Flos militiae mundi—sine pare.* ”

(2) His Royal Highness, Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, was baptised at Windsor on 25th January, 1842.

Such was the Shout which filled the lofty Hall,
Which shook the beaming armour on its wall,
And waved the Banners from its rafters hung :
Along the Roof responding music rung,
While All, with Heart and Voice the Loyal Anthem sung.

Thy fervent accents, Eustace, swelled the Strain ;—
No Heart, than Thine, more Valiant to maintain
The Race, by Freemen, placed upon the Throne,
To guard the Rights their Ancestors had won.

But not for this alone the Board was spread :—
A soft domestic feeling also led
His Parents thus to call their friends around,
To bid Farewell to Eustace, who was bound
On distant Service to that fated Isle,
Their sorrow so to hide—if not beguile ;
To dress the last Adieu in colours gay,
And leave him, when on Duty, far away,
A sweet remembrance of the latest hours
He spent within his dear paternal Towers.

It is such household scenes as these which form
The memoried World of Youth ;—the later Charm,—
Which, through the Cares and Griefs of riper Age,
Gilds with a sacred Light the early page
Of that poor History,—Man's Pilgrimage !

He was the Life—the Spirit of the scene :—
But there were moments, when a pause between
The varied pleasures of the Evening came,—
The light which from his Eye was wont to beam,
Seemed on a sudden, dim ;—as if a thought—
Or latent consciousness of ill, had brought
Some deep reflection which his Heart oppressed,—
Some sad conviction which his Soul confessed :
Yet, when the Music had the Dance renewed,
Again, with sympathetic warmth indued,
Joining the throng, he,—gayest of the gay,
In sport and mirth seductive, led the way.

A second banquet, after midnight, cheered
The lively revellers till morn appeared ;
And if, from time to time, a gloom were cast
Upon his gentle brow,—it quickly passed.
A manly effort seemed to give him power
To banish thoughts unsuited to the hour.
His playful arts to please the Guests around,—
His brilliant sallies,—made the Hall resound
With peals of laughter :—Yet,—unbidden came
A Spectral phantasm—an uneasy dream,—
A dismal presage, forced upon his mind—
A painful feeling—dark and undefined—
That this bright scene, no more, his eyes would view :
That thence—for ever—he must bid adieu
To Home and Parents—Brothers, Sisters, Friends !—
But so the thought with sportive feeling blends,
That these, conspiring, caused a strange conceit
To strike his fancy.—Rising from his seat
He left the Hall,—appearing as he went,
As if, to greet some Guest, his steps were bent.

And soon,—a Stranger at the Board appeared,—
In garb antique arrayed—with grisly beard ;—
An aged man, whose lofty bearing shewed
His title to respect and Noble blood.

“ I come,” he said, “ to share in all your joy,—
“ For at Old Bayons oft—as man and boy,
“ In antient times, have I the revel joined,
“ When Lord, and Knight, and Vassal,—all combined,
“ Would thus assemble here in festive State,
“ Some great Event to mark and celebrate.”

A whisper rose :—but eager, all, to spell
The mystic words which from the Stranger fell.
He thus proceeded with a cheerful grace
And brilliant eye,—tho’ motionless his face :

“ Edward the Third his time, (whose Image there
“ Still glads my sight), saw me in blither cheer
“ Than now to you, most likely, I appear.

“ Five centuries within my neighbouring Tomb,
“ (Whereon, just now, I read my earthly doom)
“ I slept in peace ;—when suddenly,—a Shout
“ Struck my dull ear and roused my slumbering thought.
“ It was a Cheer to warm my English heart,
“ And new-born vigor to my limbs impart.
“ I broke my bonds,—and passing onward, found
“ The cause of that enlivening, joyous sound
“ Which called me forth, and guided me to join
“ Your gathering here to bless VICTORIA’s Line.

“ Of Old, we much affected Feasts like these,
“ Where sat together men of all degrees,
“ Stirring their natures to a generous zeal
“ For any cause which touched the Public Weal ;
“ They woke the Spirit which our Victories gained
“ At Crécy—Durham—Poictiers :—and sustained
“ Our noble Monarch and his Gallant Son,
“ In fifty battles by their prowess won.
“ Twas thus we learned with courage to defend
“ King, Law, Hearth, Altar, Lady-love or Friend.

“ And now, my Soul rejoices to behold
“ A Harvest from the seed we sowed of Old.
“ The Antient Laws of England we maintained ;
“ The Sovereign loved—but by those Laws restrained.
“ VICTORIA,—scion of King Edward’s race—
“ Now occupies, I learn, his Royal place ;
“ With Virtue—Beauty—Gentleness, combined,—
“ With every attribute of Heart and Mind
“ To warm your Loyalty and guide the State,—
“ Blessings, which ages have matured, await
“ This goodly Realm, if you are staunch and true
“ To those Old Maxims which, of yore, I knew :—
“ ‘ *Maintain the People’s Rights—The Queen defend—*
“ ‘ *Obey the Laws—To God your Soul commend.*’

“ With you—I hail the advent of an Heir
“ To England’s Throne :—with you—the hope I share,
“ That Great—and Good—and Wise—he may become
“ (Like him who conquered that Immortal Plume)
“ The People’s Hope—his Country’s Pride and Grace—
“ The Star and Glory of his Royal Race.

“ That honoured Emblem is a sacred Trust !
“ May Albert live to prove his Title just
“ To bear The Plume which decked a Hero’s head,
“ By learning in our Edward’s Path to tread :—
“ That Noblest Knight who e’er the World adorned !
“ By all the Chivalry of Europe mourned,
“ When Heaven, impatient for so dear a prize,
“ Gave him a Crown, eternal, in the Skies.
“ His Valour, Virtue, gentleness and worth,
“ This Princeely Infant claims by right of birth ;
“ And, as he adds to ‘ Albert ’—Edward’s name,
“ So may he add to Edward’s—Albert’s fame.
“ But yet unlike him in his early fate,
“ May He survive, in Peace, to rule the State,
“ When Queen Victoria, after glorious years,
“ Shall pass away, amidst a nation’s tears !—
“ For Her,—I pray, that She may thus be spared
“ The bitter grief which my King Edward shared
“ With many a Father, whom, his battles won
“ Left to deplore the loss of some dear Son,
“ Who seeking glory by his Valour earned,
“ *To Home and Parents never more returned.*”

The Stranger paused, as if oppressed by thought :—
His Eye—the Manor's Lord and Lady sought ;—
Then thus,—in tones with tenderest feeling fraught :—

“ May all the choicest Gifts which Heaven hath stored,
“ On Those who here preside, be richly poured.
“ On Them—for reasons which my Heart avows,—
“ Such blessings rare, my parting Voice bestows ;—
“ Blessings which you will aid me to invoke.”

The Company arose, when thus bespoke,
To join in rendering all the honours due ;—
But still, with varying doubts, the Stranger view.

“ My Friends,” he said, “ long since the Clock struck *ONE!*
“ A Spirit whispers in my Ear,—‘ Begone !’
“ Bound by a Law—imperative and stern,
“ Unto my lowly bed I must return,
“ And Converse with the Upper World forego,
“ Ere morning Light appears—or Cock shall crow !
“ But when, hereafter, you assemble here
“ On some occasion such as this,—I swear—

“ That if again your Shout the Dead shall wake,
“ I will appear amongst you, and partake
“ Your Joy, if not your Cheer :—till then, Farewell ! ”

He turned away :—but some mischance befel
The wrinkled mask which had his face concealed—
And Eustace d'Eyncourt's features stood revealed !

The doubting Guests resumed their mirth and glee,
Their Friend and Favorite in this guise to see.
But yet, in these his Father scarcely joined ;—
Deep feeling seemed to agitate his mind.
At length he rose, and, with emotion, said :

“ May this dear Son, so risen from the Dead,
“ Now long remain to justify, on Earth,
“ The hope his Parents cherished from his birth,
“ That he, the pride of their Old Age would be,
“ And bring high Honour to his Family.
“ To-morrow's Sun will light him on his way
“ To serve the Queen in Countries far away ;—

“ Years may elapse before again we meet !
“ May You be here his safe return to greet !
“ Aid me to tell him with your general voice,
“ How all of you, with me, will then rejoice
“ To see again within his Father’s Hall,
“ The Son—of whom no act can I recal,
“ Or transient word,—or look—which could offend
“ His Father’s feelings, or his Father’s friend :
“ May Heaven bless him !”

Here the loud acclaim

Made the high Chamber echo with his name.

Altho’ by all beloved, admired, esteemed,—
Yet, as his modest nature had not deemed
That warmth, like this, would hail his youthful name,—
Deeply he blushed from that high minded shame,
Which those, unconsciously by virtue graced,
Feel at the praise they fear may be misplaced.
But still, a quick response of grateful joy
Aroused the impulse sparkling in his eye,
When, in his touching tones, he thus expressed
The mingled feelings which his heart oppressed.

“ Friends of my youth ! how shall my breast disclose
“ The grateful sentiment with which it glows ?
“ There is no Human language to impart
“ The sweet mysterious movements of the Heart.
“ Words are the signs which usual thoughts express :
“ But for the feelings which our bosoms bless
“ When deep emotions, never felt before,
“ By some electric, instantaneous power,
“ Surprise our Souls,—the tongue will strive in vain
“ The new, unknown sensation to explain.
“ I long to shew—but language is denied,—
“ How dear my Home and Friends; and what the pride,—
“ With which, in lonely hours, beyond the Sea,—
“ Musing on this fair scene and Company,—
“ I shall recall that warm and thrilling Cheer,
“ Which,—while I live,—will this short hour endear.
“ Such Memories,—like distant Music,—come
“ To sooth our Cares when far away from home.
“ They are the golden links, by mercy, placed
“ Between the gloomy Present and the Past ;
“ The charms they yield, our energies sustain,
“ When worn by irksome toil, by grief or pain ;—

“ For then—our thoughts recur to distant friends,—
“ Repose on Pictures, which our Memory lends,
“ Of dear domestic Scenes ;—and thus we find
“ Reflected from that Mirror of the Mind,
“ Soft gleams of Hope that patience may subdue
“ Our present ills, and such delights renew.
“ And from the Memory of this Night will spring
“ My firm resolve that, some day, I will bring
“ A better title to the kind applause,
“ Your generous feeling now alone bestows.
“ My fond remembrance of the tenderest ties
“ Which give the Charm to human destinies :—
“ Friendship and filial love,—or, let me say
“ To those bright Beings here around, that they—
“ And all the sweet illusions they inspire,—
“ Will, in my breast, awake the proud desire
“ To prove,—if called my Country to defend
“ In Battle-Field,—that I, your youthful friend,
“ Am not unworthy of the Name I bear,—
“ A Parent’s blessing,—or a Lady’s prayer.





Dickinson & C° Lith.

“ But if,—by Heaven’s decree, I come no more !
“ May it accept the Prayers my heart would pour
“ For You who cheer me in this parting hour.
“ The Golden Cup from which I drink to You,
“ While I pronounce, with pain, my last Adieu,—
“ May, when you see it grace my Father’s board,
“ Sometimes remind you of my latest word,—
“ Which, though of joy to me, it seems the knell,
“ For You, bespeaks it in that word—*Farewell!*”

He ceased. A deep responsive feeling moved
Their swelling bosoms for the Youth beloved :—
While he, behind his Parents’ seat retired.
His Father, then, a gentle thought inspired ;—
And as of general Converse rose the tide,
He turned, and called the Soldier to his side.
Holding the Golden Chalice in his hand,—
“ My Son,”—he said,—“ No need this Cup should stand
“ Before *our* Eyes in memory of *Thee* !
“ Thy Image in our Hearts will ever be :
“ Bear it away in memory of *Me* !

“ And in those social hours—with pleasant friends,
“ When cheerful converse anxious thought unbends,—
“ If they discourse upon thy native land—
“ Of Home—and homely things,—this Cup at hand,
“ Charged with a tribute to such early ties,
“ More surely will awake thy sympathies.
“ It may remind thee of thy Parents’ Hearth,—
“ Of those who loved thee, Eustace, from thy birth :—
“ Yes,—still more sweetly will thy heart respond,
“ When this,—thy Father’s Cup,—shall pass around.”

While deep emotion crimsoned o’er his cheek,
The Soldier,—for a moment,—paused to seek
Such words as to his Father might convey
All that his Heart,—if it could speak,—would say.
Striving, in vain, his quivering Lip to hide,
At length he took the Chalice,—and replied :

“ Not as a *Gift*,—would I, from thy dear hand,
“ Receive the Cup I take by thy command ;—
“ Remaining thine, I feel that it may prove
“ A sweeter gage of thy paternal love

“ Than if a Gift,—and so transferred to me,
“ The link were gone connecting it with thee.
“ Having, for years, by thee been known and used,
“ Into its Form, my fancy has infused
“ A lingering Charm or Instinct,—which will seem
“ To spring from Thee,—and haply I may dream
“ When clasping it, that by some mystic power
“ We hold communion :—even, that this Hour,
“ When I receive thy blessing on my head,
“ Is still prolonged—and not for ever fled !
“ Thus let me keep it—till I cease to be
“ What now I am and feel,—a Son to Thee !”

“ Such thou wilt ever be,” the Father said,
“ And so ’tis Thine !”—The Father had not read
The hidden meaning in his Son’s reply,
Which shadowed forth a fearful prophecy ;
But simply added,—“ When thy sorrows come,—
“ (For such, on Earth, are man’s allotted doom)
“ This may recal the Friend who cannot fail,
“ If sympathy or aid can aught avail,—

“ The Friend whom Nature to a Child hath given,—
“ His surest help and comfort under Heaven ! ”

Their hands' warm pressure, and their eyes, declare
The deep affection which their bosoms share :
And if a filial tear the compact sealed
And mixed with those, from purest love distilled,
With which a Parent had the Cup bedewed,—
Such holy union thus the Pledge imbued
With Power more sacred to confirm a Bond,
Which Nature sanctioned and their hearts had owned.

The Night,—with all its changing scenes,—was past !—
That morning came—decreed to be the last,
When this dear Son would see the Orb of day
Smile on his Home, and deck in bright array
The varied Landscape from his casement viewed,
Which all the Memories of his Youth renewed.

Then came the parting Hour !—the long caress !
The deep—fond look, which more than words—can bless :
Sweetly,—a Mother's clinging Arms enfold
His Manly Form,—and so her Sorrow told.—
Her whispered Orison to Heaven addressed,
His last Embrace which held her to his breast,
His lingering kiss of reverential Love,—
The sacred sadness of their bosoms prove.
He moved away :—and then—o'erwhelmed by grief,
He felt that utterance might afford relief.—
His steps returned :—once more—his eyes surveyed
The weeping group : at length his voice obeyed
The impulse deepest sorrow ever feels :—
A simple Prayer his latest thought reveals :

“ May God for ever bless you all,” he cried :
A smile angelic seemed his tears to chide,—
Pictured the bliss his Spirit would invoke,
And left the healing balm his soul bespoke.

* * * * *

In twice Twelve days had Eustace passed the Sea :
Another Twelve,—and he had ceased to be !
But 'ere in Death his languid eyes were closed,
Their fading Vision on the Cup reposed :—
A dying Sign,—more sacred than Command,—
Bequeathed it Homeward with his faltering hand.
This pious thought fulfilled—this act of Love,—
His spirit winged its way to Realms above !—

The Chalice—silent witness to his Will,—
Had then a mournful mission to fulfil.
Dulled by the damps which in that Chamber fell,
The Golden Herald came its tale to tell.—
But as, from Heaven, a Chastening Angel brings,
With Evil tidings, healing on his Wings,

That tale of Sorrow, so with Love combined,
Diffused a holy influence o'er the mind,
And left it Calm, Submissive, and Resigned.
Resigned to ills, which in this mortal state
Are born of Blessings when withdrawn by Fate ;
Yet,—grateful that such Gifts from Mercy's Store
Had blessed existence—though they blessed no more ;
Submissive to receive both Good and Ill,
As each is dealt by God's unerring Will :
Conscious that Human Reason must not scan
The Laws—unknown—which guide His Ways to Man :
That seeming Ills, may haply, Blessings prove,
Fruit of His Mercy and enduring Love.

Thus, from Affliction, deeper thoughts arise,—
And Man is taught by Sorrow—to be Wise.
And if from Wisdom, nobler Virtues spring,—
If nobler Virtues, higher Bliss shall bring,—
Who may presume to question God's decree,
Or deem his chastisements,—Adversity !



The Farewell Cup to Bayons Hall restored,
Now stands apart—and Sacred—on the Board ;—
Fulfils the Soldier’s wish when it renews
A sweet remembrance of his last Adieus ;—
Recalls his fond and dying thought of Home,
And forms a link with EUSTACE—in the Tomb.

END OF CANTO II.

EUSTACE.

CANTO THIRD.

Thy Being, O God, the Past and Future fills !
Throughout the Universe *Thy* Spirit thrills.
Thou seest, o'er Things of Time, the Ages flow,
As One,—Eternal,—comprehensive ‘Now’!

But Man's frail Being every instant dies :—
His vapid thought from Past to Future flies ;—
Such Knowledge only as Sensation brings
In that swift passage on Electric Wings,
Inspires his Clay and *to the Spirit* clings.
His Consciousness of this mysterious tie
Connecting Past and Future,—‘Memory,’—
Is all the ‘Present’ he can here enjoy.

Without a *Real* ‘Present’ where the Soul
Might all its force concentrate and control,
Man's *past* impressions form his scanty Lore
On Life's tempestuous, ever varying Shore,—
Where, all before him, is a fearful Sea
Of measureless—untried Futurity,—
And all the Past, a troubled region seems
Of ill-remembered—cvanescent dreams.

From these, he seeks in vain, some latent Sign
To indicate, of Life, the Laws divine,—
Some revelation of a heavenly Power
To solve the mysteries of that shifting Shore :—
But how can Memory's Shadows flitting there,
In feeble whisperings of the *Past*, declare
The Secret which sustains the Vital flame
In Beings ever changing—yet the same !

Such is that fitful Trance—the Life of Man !
But at his Waking !—then—the wondrous plan
Of Life and Death, Eternity and Time,
May be unfolded,—with the Truths Sublime
Which Good and Evil, Right and Wrong, compel
To work together by some mighty spell,
And so the warring principles control
That perfect Harmony pervades the Whole.

These Mysteries—from human sight concealed,
May to your purer Spirit be revealed.
But mark !—that henceforth you must well prepare
Your Soul such High Intelligence to Share.

Vast and ennobling are the Powers bestowed
On Man while here below ;—with these endowed
You have at your command a Rich Domain :
On *You* depends the Harvest you obtain.
The thoughtless Tenant may refuse to toil
And loathsome weeds will desolate the soil.
Seduced by vain and transitory joys,
For these he barters an Eternal Prize.
The Phantom,—Pleasure,—eagerly pursued,
Invites its Victim only to delude :
The instant you approach, it disappears,—
Or some distorted form its head uprears.
You grasp at Shadows,—or your fate is worse,—
The Bliss your fancy whispered—proves a Curse !

Yet, of the Blessings Providence prepares
To soothe your passage through this World of Cares,
Freely partake :—'tis God's benignant plan
To smooth the rudeness of his path to Man.
But when the Cup of Pleasure passes round,
Drink not too deeply, for below, are found

The bitter dregs which poison Moral Sense,—
The Power provided for your Soul's defence.
Affliction may correct the human mind,
Render it humble, pious, and resigned ;
But Pleasure, unrestrained, *itself* destroys,—
Consumes all sensibility to joys,—
And leaves its votary, impure, debased,
His Heart corrupted, and his Mind,—a Waste.
Pleasures are Blessings to the Good and Wise :
Curses to those who all restraint despise.
Such Blessings, therefore, moderately use :
All gratefully accept—nor aught abuse.
The Golden precept for your guidance here
Is simply this :—‘ *In all things to Forbear.*’
Virtue herself this Maxim must obey :—
Excesses—even Virtue’s cause betray.
Add to Forbearance,—earnest—useful Toil ;
For idle habits, heart and mind despoil
Of moral power :—and this the right will give
The fruits of labour to partake,—and Live.
Encrease the Public Wealth, or Wisdom’s store,
And grateful for Existence,—God adore !

This is Contentment!—such is the device,
Whereby to win that only Pearl of Price!
The Gem Philosophers have sought in vain:
Th' Elixir to subdue all moral pain!—
The Alchemists,—to Truth and Ethics blind,
Tortured the Elements of Earth to find
A source of boundless Wealth,—the Magic Wand,
All worldly Pleasures freely to command,—
The Toil of others to control at will,
And every dream of Power and Pride fulfil.

Vain thought!—that boundless Wealth could supersede
The Laws for Man's well-being by Heaven decreed!
His Happiness on Earth alone depends
On HOPE,—and all the Energy it lends
To gain by Labour, Care, and anxious Thought,
Ends—only valued when by Labour sought.
But if the objects Man should so attain,
The Talisman of Wealth, or Power, can gain,—
Then HOPE—the twin-born Sister of DESIRE,
No more, by cheering whispers, will inspire

Efforts to reach the fruit they cease to prize,
But droops at once—and with her Sister dies.

A mocking Fiend usurps her vacant seat—
Pretends that Heaven is false, and Life a Cheat ;
His Victim counsels, Virtue to forswear,
And in a Sea of Vice to drown DESPAIR.

But God is Just—supremely Good and Wise,---
Though such the fate of Man's Idolatries ;
And Life *has* Blessings to reward the toil
Of those who seek their course to reconcile
With Nature's Laws—immutable—Divine—
Which Human Bliss with Usefulness combine.

Superfluous Wealth, a source of constant strife,
Disturbs, by stormy Cares, the Stream of Life.
They are the Rich, who have delights in Store :
Those who exhaust them are the truly Poor :
That Man is blest who governs his desires,—
Extends to All, th' indulgence *he* requires ;
Relieves the wants of others where he can,
And serves his God by doing good to Man.

No other Alchemy you need but this,
To bring you Peace on Earth, and Heavenly Bliss,
A sense of which may even here begin :

There is a Power Ethereal dwells within
Your Mortal part, while yet on earth detained,
Whereby th' immortal Spirit is sustained,
When it shall seek to soar beyond the Skies—
And thus,—entranced,—to purer regions rise.
That Spirit is of God,—with his combined ;
Part of the vast Intelligence which reigned
Throughout the Universe 'ere yet began
The Earthly Race in which it dwells as *Man*.
This deathless Spirit which informs the Clay,
Imparts a Power the Dictates to obey
Of Love Divine—on Truth-Eternal based—
And on the Heart of Man, in mercy, traced.
Man feels them to be Holy, Just, and Wise,
E'en when his Life their influence defies.
However steeped in Vice or lost to shame,
He honours Virtue while he dreads her name.

The Spirit's Light is ever on his Soul,
Although his Passions may resist control.
Passions are Powers intended to be used ;
But Crime results from those just Powers abused.
Rightly to use them, for the Ends designed,
Is the great task allotted to Mankind.
Wherefore, a Heavenly Light hath been bestowed
To guide the Earthly Pilgrim on his Road,
Through this dark Region, to a Bright Abode.
Though Nature's secrets be from Man concealed,
As needless for his State to be revealed :—
Although the object of his brief career,
And all the Mystery of his presence here,
Be deeply veiled,—The Spirit hath inspired
A Moral Sense by Social Man required.
Thus far—the Will of God hath been expressed
By Laws recorded in the human breast.
Therein exists a Court o'er which presides
A Monitor, whose glorious Wisdom guides
All who shall humbly seek this Heavenly Light
Their thoughts and actions to direct aright.

That Monitor is *Conscience*,—ever True :—
And Conscience,—What ?—*The Voice of GOD in You !*

So will your Passions curbed, your Thoughts refined,
Expand your Heart and elevate your Mind.
Your Nature purified,—will then aspire
To Realms Sublime!—then will your Soul desire
With Essences Divine to commune there,
Their Wisdom and Beatitude to share.

END OF CANTO III.

Invocation.

Lamented EUSTACE ! I invoke thy Shade
 These moral Truths,—this warning Voice to aid.

With genius, energy, and Power of Mind,
 Beyond the usual fortune of Mankind :
 Exempt from Passions which the heart deprave :
 Forbearing, constant, generous and brave ;
 Gentle, but firm, benevolent and true,—
 Would that my Summons could thy Life renew !

But yet—thy Memory loved—thy Death deplored—
 The varied Excellence thy Soul had stored—
 Inspire a hope—that in some radiant Clime,
 Freed from the sorrows and the bonds of Time,—
 Immortal—Happy—full of Glorious Grace,
 Thy Angel-Spirit watches o'er thy Race.

As Each, in turn, shall pass beyond the Pale
Of Death and Sin,—may thy bright Presence hail
Their Advent!—

First, behold ! thy Parents come ;—
Doubting and fearful,—they await their Doom !

Ah, then !—if Earthly Love, so pure as thine,
Survive to mix with Elements Divine,—
Approach them with that fond effulgent smile,
Which here, so often, would their cares beguile :—
Their humble Spirits cheer, and lead them on,
To kneel with thee before Th' Eternal Throne.

THE END.







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